They are Persian attire, but let them be chang'd.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains, so, so, so,
Weele go to supper i'h morning, so, so, so, *Enter Gloster.*
Glost. Come hither friend, where is the King my maister.
Kent. Here sir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.
Glost. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue o'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
Where thou shalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (master,
And all that offer to defend him stand in assured losse,
Take vp the King and followe me, that will to some prouision
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppressed nature sleepes,
This rest might yet haue balmed thy broken sinewes,
Which if conuenience will not alow stand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy maister, thou must not stay behind.
Glost. Come, come away. *Exit.*
Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely
thinke, our miseries, our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers, most i'h mind,
Leauing free things and happy showes behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'e scip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noyses and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iust proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
Lurke, lurke.
Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard. (letter
Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine *Gloster.*
Regan. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn.

Corn. Leaue him to my displeasure, *Edmũd* keep you our sister
(company.
The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are
To a most festuant preparatiõ we are bound to the like, (going
Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere sister, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*
Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hence,
Some fiue or sixe and thirtie of his Knights hot questrits after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords depen-
dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to
haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your mistris.
Gon. Farewell sweet Lord and sister. *Exit Gon. and Bast.*
Corn. *Edmund* farewell. goe seeke the traytor *Gloster.*
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not passe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iustice, yet our power
Shall doe a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controule, whose there, the traytor?
Enter Gloster brought in by two or three,
Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.
Corn. Bind fast his corkie armes.
Glost. What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider,
You are my gests, doe me no foule play friends.
Corn. Bind him I say,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!
Glost. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.
Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou shalt find---
Glost. By the kind Gods tis most ignobly done, to pluck me
by the beard. *Reg.* So white and such a Traytor.
Glost. Naughty Ladie, these haires which thou dost rauish from
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host. (my chin
With robbers hands, my hospitable fauours
You should not ruffell thus, what will you doe.
Corn. Come sir, what letters had you late from *France*?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

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